

Lovesick by Janaynay

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Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

The second Max said the word, El felt like something slid into place, like the word that was on the tip of her tongue for a long time finally came to mind. She knew exactly what the word meant, and now had a word to give to the feeling she carried constantly but until that moment couldn't seem to name.

Lovesick.

Lovesick

Author's Note:

Its Valentine's Day and I thought of this little drabble for these two lovebirds. Normally I obsessively edit and perfect my work for days but I wrote this and posted it in one day, so I'm a little more nervous than usual to post this.

Essentially, El thinking about how much she loves Mike.

Lovesick.

El remembered the first time she heard the word, her ears pricking up instantly.

“How did no one see that coming? He followed her around like a lovesick puppy,” Max had said, rolling her eyes as she gestured to the *Pretty in Pink* movie poster on their way out of the theater.

Max said it after overhearing the girls in front of them exclaim their shock at the reveal that Duckie had feelings for Andie, completely incredulous at their lack of observation skills.

Normally El would have stopped Max and asked what the new word meant, but this time, she didn't feel like she had to. The second Max said the word, El felt like something slid into place, like the word that was on the tip of her tongue for a long time finally came to mind. She knew exactly what the word meant, and now had a word to give to the feeling she carried constantly but until that moment couldn't seem to name.

Lovesick.

It meant the clench she felt in her chest whenever she looked into chocolate brown eyes; it was the physical swell that made her hold her own heart to keep it from leaping from her chest whenever those eyes caught hers from across the room. Even though she knew that

love wasn't really held in your actual heart, she did question that sometimes, especially when her heart beat in time with his, racing and slowing together as they hugged, danced, kissed. Especially when she felt real pain in her chest when they were apart, like he took a piece of it with him and gave it back when they were together again. Together and whole.

Lovesick meant the swoop she felt in her stomach when his slender hands were tangled in her hair as soft lips met her own – slowly, urgently, sweetly, insistently. It was the heat he pooled there when his arms pulled her closer, tighter, like no amount of closeness was close enough. It was the flutter of butterflies as she ran her hands through his dark hair or traced his freckles and he brushed her fingertips with his lips. It was the way her stomach churned when his smile didn't meet his eyes, worry and concern eating at her when she sensed he was sad or in pain, wishing she could take his pain from him. Or feeling like she would do anything to hear him laugh or see him smile.

Lovesick meant the prick she felt in her eyes, tears threatening to form, when he left a note in her locker after third period that said, "I missed you." When he held her close, his lips against her hair as they danced in the school gym, in her room, on the grass under the stars. The way her eyes felt so full of emotion they threatened to spill when he said, "I love you," "we'll figure it out," "I promise." It was the way her eyes couldn't take him in fast enough when he came into view, wanting to see all of him at once and commit everything about him to memory.

Lovesick meant how the unease she wasn't even aware of dissipated the moment he was by her side, like a weight she didn't know she was carrying finally got put down and she was suddenly weightless and in danger of floating away unless his hand was clasped in hers. Lovesick was not being able to get dark eyes, freckles and a mop of black hair out of her mind when she was trying to study. It was feeling unsettled and incomplete when he went away with his family for a few days at Christmas. Lovesick meant how happy times were happier when they were together than when they were apart.

Lovesick was loving someone so much it hurt; loving someone so much it was scary, what you would do for them.

Lovesick was an affliction of the heart, body, mind, and soul, and El Hopper had it bad for Mike Wheeler.

So later that day when Mike greets her at the door, a single carnation and a homemade card made out of red construction paper in his hand, El feels that familiar clench in her heart, swoop in her stomach, and prick in her eyes. Warmth radiates from her heart down to her toes, and she knows what it is, what it's always been – lovesick. And by the look on Mike's face as he takes in her own, his eyes full of emotion, his face stretched into a smile so bright it could light up the world, she knows it must be contagious.

Author's Note:

Happy Valentine's Day!